

'RE NOT MY  
E," HE SIGNED.

Ir Claimant Repudi-  
I by Anse Kauf-  
mann.

HIM HER CHARLIE.

Whose Memory Had  
im Enjoyed Her Kisses,  
Disowned Them.

OWLEDGED HER ERROR.

nger Made Sure That the  
Bellevue Patient Was Her  
Husband, Until She  
a Second Look.

Kaufmann, the man who can re-  
member nothing about himself except  
he is most anxious to know, was  
seen for a few brief rapturous mo-  
ments yesterday afternoon.

patient was lying on his cot in  
Hospital, rather exhausted from  
suffering and answering the inquir-  
ers. Into the reception room drove  
a woman. She was pretty,  
is agitated.

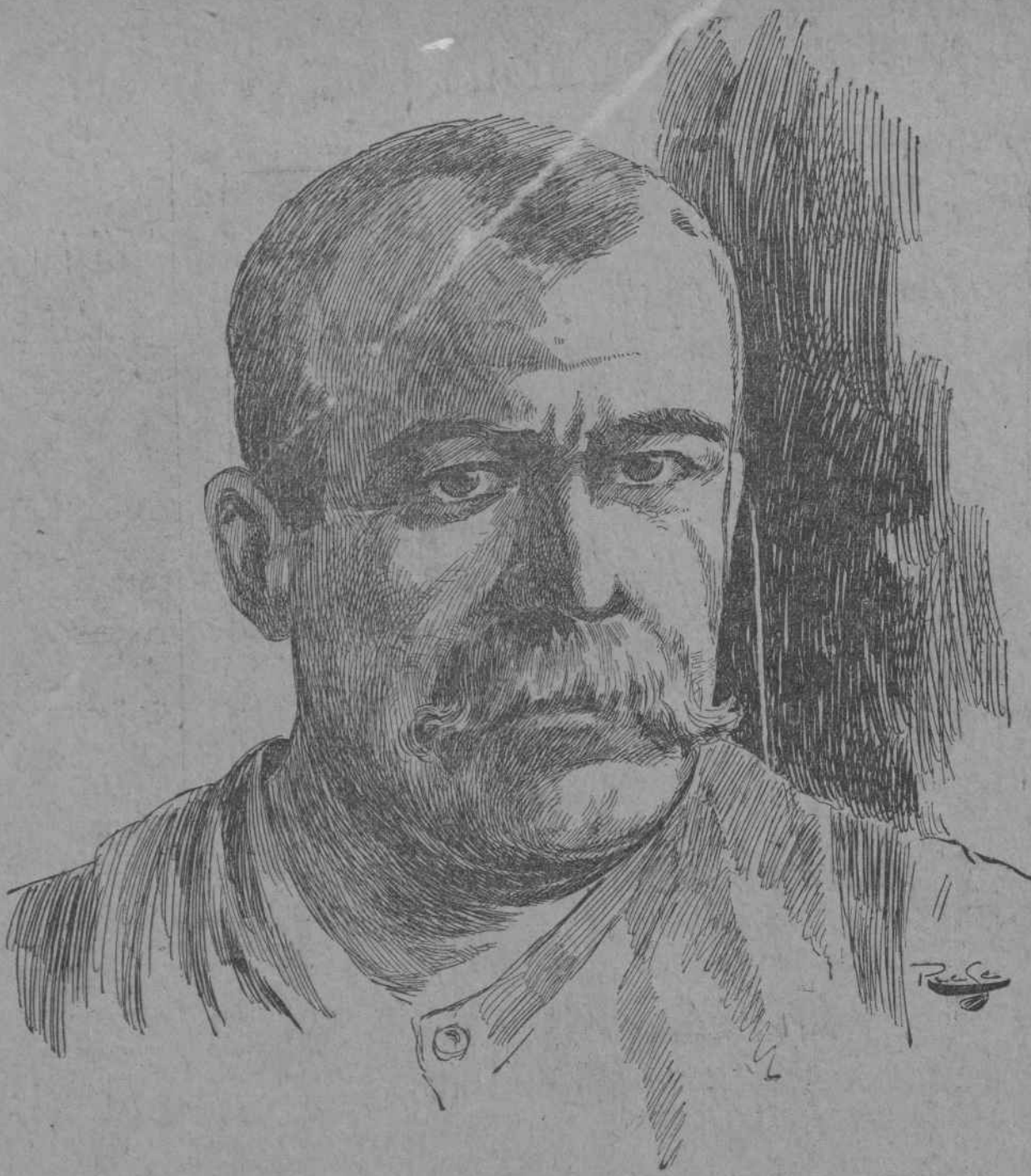
ere my Charlie?" she de-  
manded. "What name?" asked the

man who has lost his memory. The  
woman called Kaufmann. Where is he?  
see him! He is my husband. We  
married in Germany and came to this  
city ten years ago. For five years I  
have not heard from him. Please  
help me, for I am sure he will  
be at once."

ed visitor was escorted to  
Kaufmann was contemplating the  
an abstracted air. He was  
of a vivacious woman with a  
tugging his features with a  
er face. He came to himself,  
when two plump arms were  
around his neck and a shower of  
tingled with tears fell upon his

ny dear, dear, long-lost husband!  
own Charlie!" sobbed the fair  
raising her streaming eyes to the  
man. If it is a prayer of thankfulness,  
inn was obviously delighted at the  
being found at last, and under  
stant circumstances. For a min-  
ute he permitted himself to be  
his visitor's will, without troubl-  
ing her face. Perhaps in his day  
he had pictured a wife who would  
be half so desirous to kiss as  
ant. But when the first paroxysm  
subsided and the blond visitor  
k to draw breath and contem-  
plate ure, Kaufmann looked at her at-  
and then sighed.

or know you," he said weakly and  
reduity. "I never saw you be-  
fore," said the wrong Miss Kaufmann.  
ur pardon, I'm sure, but you are  
like my poor Charlie."



Anse Kaufmann, Who Cannot Remember Where He Lived.

He has been in Bellevue Hospital for a month, and knows only that he formerly drove a grocery wagon and came over a bridge. A handsome woman yesterday kissed him, said he was her husband, and then finally decided that he was not the man for whom she was looking. Kaufmann also said she was not his wife, and the visitor left without giving her name.

A deep flush mounted swiftly up beneath the blond curls as she turned to Dr. Lee and faltered:

"Probably I am mistaken. Now that I come to look at him more carefully, I think I am. Besides, I'm quite sure my Charlie would know me in an instant, no matter what had happened to his memory."

"I'm quite sure I'm not your husband," repeated Kaufmann with the air of a man who is immolating himself on the altar of duty.

Mrs. Kaufmann blushed more deeply than ever, fumbled with her parasol and bowed herself out of the ward. She refused to give her address, but said that a letter would find her at the general delivery of

the Post Office.

Kaufmann was very despondent after this incident, but he brightened up at the idea of sitting for his portrait.

"If you put my picture in the Journal," he said, "perhaps my daughter and son will come and find me here."

The history of Kaufmann, as far as it is known, was told in the Journal yesterday. It was told, too, with how much interest the most distinguished alienists of New York had investigated his case. He wandered down to Bellevue Hospital a month ago, sound in mind and body, but not knowing in the least where he lived. He remembered that he had a wife and family, and had been driving a grocery wagon just

before his memory failed him. Moreover, he remembered having driven over a bridge—a circumstance that leads the doctors to surmise that he may have lived in the annexed district or in Brooklyn. That he lives in a granite house, and that cars run past the door, are facts of which he is sure.

The attendants have been walking him about the city daily, in the hope that he would recognize his surroundings, and physicians have been hypnotizing him in the hope of restoring his memory. As to his past life his memory is perfectly clear. He fought on the German side in the Franco-Prussian war, and learned to speak French fairly well.

## BISHOPS HAVE A DISAGREEMENT.

It Was Over the Case of a  
Preacher Who Had  
Strayed Away.

SH-PP LANGUAGE USED.

Matter Cam Up in Baltimore  
Conference of the African  
Methodists.

BISHOP TURNER APOLOGIZED.

Said He Begged the Conference's  
Pardon, but Not God's, As He  
Had Never Done Any-  
thing Wrong.

Baltimore, Md., April 30.—Henry McNeal Turner, senior bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and James Anderson Handy, presiding bishop of the Baltimore Conference, which is in session in this city, had a misunderstanding to-day before the Conference. The matter arose out of action on the case of the Rev. John F. Lane, a preacher who had strayed from the right path and left the church. Bishop Handy wanted to know what the Conference would do with him. There was opposition to allowing the culprit to make a statement, and the opposition stirred up Bishop Handy.

Just after the vote has been declared restoring the erring brother back to the fold, Bishop Turner took the floor. He accused people who left the church and then wanted to come back.

He said he was surprised at Bishop Handy. "When they go out let them stay out forever," Bishop Handy rose for a reply, and said: "I am surprised that Bishop Turner should speak as he has done. He is my senior bishop, but I am not amenable to his decisions."

Bishop Turner made an apology. He said: "I love Brother Lane, but he has not done the right thing, and he has not shown any repentance. You had almost begged him to say what he did say, and he hardly expressed any penitence at all. I am dumfounded, and shall remain dumfounded until I find out what there was in my remarks to give Bishop Handy offense. I intended no offense. If there was anything which by misconstruction might be twisted into an offense, I apologize for it. I beg Bishop Handy's pardon, and I beg the Baltimore Conference's pardon, but I do not beg God's pardon, for I never did anything wrong."

Bishop Salter and Arnett did not take any part, but waited until it was all over, and assisted in the regular routine business of the conference which followed.

No Tuberculosis Found.  
Matterman, N. Y., April 30.—Dr. M. J. Henderson, State veterinarian, of Syracuse, N. Y., who has for the past few days been examining the large herd of milch cows belonging to the Matterman State Asylum farm for the presence of tuberculosis, completed his labors to-day. The examination was made in a safeguard simply and not because any diseased condition was suspected, as the herd has always been in a healthy condition. The result of the examination showed an entire freedom from disease.

## SEWER JOB KILLED.

Governor Received Vetoes of the Mayors  
of New York and Mount  
Vernon.

Albany, April 30.—The biggest job of the Legislative session was killed to-day. Governor Black received vetoes from Mayor Strong, of New York, and the Mayor of Mount Vernon of the bill of Senator Burns creating the Bronx Valley Sewer Commission and providing for a sewer at a cost of from \$4,000,000 to \$50,000,000. This is a victory for Assemblyman Huster, who fought the bill in the Legislature and predicted its veto by the Mayors to whom it was to be sent for action.

The measure as it passed the Legislature named the Bronx Valley Sewer Commissioners the Mayor of New York City, the chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Westchester County, Edward H. Healy and Arnold Van Orden, of New York City; William Welsh, of Yonkers; Frank M. Tichenor, of Mount Vernon, and Jacob Halstead, of Mamaroneck. They were empowered to provide for the building, operation, and maintenance of a system of sewerage disposal of the Bronx River and the Westchester Creek valleys, in New York and Westchester counties. Each was to receive a salary of \$3,000 except the two public officials on the commission. Sixty per cent of the cost of construction was to be paid by New York City and the remainder by Westchester County. The sewer was to run from the northern line of White Plains to Long Island Sound, a distance of twenty-five miles. The construction of the sewer, it is stated, would

mean a confiscation  
to its owners. Not a  
ed by the proposed ac

## HER BODY

The Corpse of Mrs. I.  
Turned into a S.  
Like Stone

Brookton, Mass., April 30.—Mrs. Ella Ireland, the wife known Brookton man, died after illness of acute gastritis. Her body buried in the family lot in a casket the outskirts of the city. Near spring boils up, whose waters are impregnated with mineral substances. A few days ago it became necessary to move the coffin to another lot. It was being done the cover of the coffin containing the corpse of Mrs. Ireland, accidentally dislodged by the pickaxe of a careless laborer.

The workmen who looked at it were astonished to see that decay had apparently made no inroads. Mrs. Ireland looked as though she lay sleeping in a casket. Even the flowers upon her seemed as fresh as when they were there six months ago.

Investigation showed that the body became petrified and was as hard as stone. It had been sculptured from a black. There seemed to be nothing would prevent its enduring for hundreds of years without suffering any change. The peculiar chemical constitution of the body in the cemetery is supposed to be the cause of this phenomenon.

## THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths  
Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.



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HUMOROUS  
Supplement

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